Then firie expedition be my wings,
Loue, Mercurie and Herald for a king.
Come muſter men, my counſaile is my ſhield,
We muſt be briefe, when traitors braue the field. *Exeunt.*

Enter Queene Margaret ſola.

Q. Mar. So now proſperitie begins to mellow,
And drop into the rotten mouth of death:
Here in theſe confines ſlilie haue I lurkt,
To watch the waining of mine aduerſaries:
A dire induction am *I* witneſſe too,
And will to France, hoping the conſequence
Will proue as bitter, blacke, and tragicall.
Withdraw thee wretched Margaret, who comes here?

Enter the Queene, and the Dutcheſſe of Yorke,

Qu. Ah my yong Princes, ah my tender babes!
My vnblowne flowers, new appearing ſweets,
If yet your gentle ſoules flie in the aire
And be not fixt in doome perpetuall,
Houer about me with your aierie wings,
And heare your mothers lamentation.
Qu. Mar. Houer about her, ſay that right for right
Hath dimd your infant morne, to aged night,
Qu. Wilt thou O God, flie from ſuch gentle lambes,
And throw them in the intrailes of the wolfe:
When didſt thou ſleepe, when ſuch a deed was done?
Qu. Mar. When holy Mary died, and my ſweet ſonne.
Dutch. Blind ſight, dead life, poore mortall liuing ghoſt,
Woes ſceane, worlds ſhame, graues due by life vſurpt,
Reſt thy vnreſt on Englands lawfull earth,
Vnlawfully made drunke with innocents blood.
Qu. O that thou wouldſt as well afford a graue,
As thou canſts yeeld a melancholy ſeate,
Then would *I* hide my bones, not reſt them here:
O who hath any cauſe to mourne but *I*?

Dut.

Dut. So many miſeries haue craz
That my woe-wearied tongue is m
Edward Plantagenet, why art thou
Qu. Mar. If ancient ſorrow be m
Giue mine the benefit of ſignorie,
And let my woes frowne on the vp
If ſorrow can admit ſocietie,
Tell ouer your woes againe by viewing
I had an Edward, till a Richard kild
I had a Richard, till a Richard kild
Thou hadſt an Edward, till a Richard
Thou hadſt a Richard, till a Richard
Dut. I had a Richard too, and th
I had a Rutland too, and thou holp
Q. M. Thou hadſt a Clarence to
From forth the kennell of thy wom
A hell-hound that doth hunt vs al
That dogge that had his teeth be
To worrie lambes, and lap their gen
That foule defacer of Gods handy
Thy wombe let looſe, to chaſe vs to
O vpright, iuſt, and true diſpoſing
How do *I* thanke thee, that this ca
Praies on the iſſue of his mothers
And makes her pue-fellow with ot
Dut. O, Harries wife, triumph no
God witneſſe with me, I haue wept
Q. M. Beare with me, I am hungry
And now *I* cloie me with beholdi
Thy Edward, he is dead, that ſtabd
Thy other Edward dead, to quit my
Yong Yorke, he is but boote, becau
Match not the high perfection of
Thy Clarence he is dead, that kild
And the beholders of this tragicke
The adulterate Haſtings, Riuers,
Vntimely ſmothred in their duskie
Richard yet liues, hels blacke intell

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